# TRUE AMERICAN.

P. B. CONN, PUBLISHER
CORNER MARKET AND 4TH

$2 PER ANNUM
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

A Weekly Journal, Devoted to American Interests, Literature, Science, and General Intelligence.

Z. RAGAN, Editor and Proprietor. STEUBENVILLE, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1855. VOLUME I.—NUMBER 31.


## Poetry.

### ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

BY TUPPER.

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful—
Courage forever is happy and wise.

All's for the best, if man would but know it—
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious, and—all's for the best!

All's for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of sadness may have wand'red
A way-wearied swallow or heart-stricken dove.

All's for the best!—be a man, but confiding—
Providence tenderly governs the rest;
And the frail bark of his creature is guiding,
Wisely and warily all for the best.

All's for the best! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van;
And, in the midst of your dangers and errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.

All's for the best! unbiased, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the east to the west;
And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope, and be happy, that all's for the best!

## Select Tale.

### LIZZIE CARRINGTON;
### OR, THE COQUETTE'S FIRST LESSON.

BY LILLA HERBERT.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE STAGE-COACH.

"O woman's love!—at times it may
Seem cold and clouded, but it burns
With true undeviating ray,
And never from its idol turns."—CROLY.

The last signal had been given, and the omnibus which daily passed through the little village of C——, was about to depart on its accustomed route.

Standing at the door of the "Stage House," Ernest Sinclair had, for the last half hour, been amusing himself with watching the confusion and bustle that prevaded the interior of the stage-coach—the cries of children, the disposing of bundles and baskets, the scrambling for seats and adieus to friends. Suddenly his attention was drawn off by the sound of carriage wheels, and the next instant a handsome barouche and grays dashed at full speed up the lane and stopped directly in front of the hotel. Another moment and the carriage door was opened by a liveried footman, who assisted two females to alight—one apparently quite youthful, the other evidently advanced in years. Their faces were closely veiled, but the sylph-like form and graceful bearing of the younger made Ernest Sinclair wish that he could penetrate that thick 'misty curtain' of gauze, and obtain a view of her countenance. With much interest he watched their motions, and at length saw them direct their steps toward the well-filled stage. The elder of the two had obtained a seat, and her companion lingered for a moment on the steps of the omnibus while she gave a parting message to the footman, and the driver, deeming all were ready and impatient to be off, cracked his whip, and the horses started. An exclamation of alarm issued from all the bystanders—the young girl tottered and would have fallen to the ground had not Ernest Sinclair sprang hastily forward and caught her in his arms—thus, in all probability, saving her from deformity for life!

The stage-coach was detained, and many now gathered round to congratulate the young gentleman on his well-timed activity; but he was too busy ascertaining whether the young lady had suffered from the alarm her danger must have occasioned, to heed them. A voice most softly musical assured him that she had not, and thanked him for rescuing her; and as she spoke, the lady drew aside her veil and revealed a very lovely face; one of the sweetest, Sinclair thought, that he had ever seen. She appeared to very young; perhaps not fifteen, and there was an intelligent, yet mischievous light in those dark blue eyes, though they now beamed gratefully upon her preserver.

Five minutes after, she was seated beside her friend in the stage-coach; once more the driver gathered up the reins and flourished his whip high in the air, the horses neighed and pranced, and ere many seconds had elapsed the omnibus was lost in the distance.

Ernest Sinclair stood gazing abstractedly upon the vehicle till it disappeared from sight, and then turned thoughtfully toward home to dream of that fair girlish face and remember the soft clasp of that little hand!

Often afterwards did he think of that adventure, and it was with an indefinable sensation that his mind dwelt upon the youthful stranger to whom he had afforded such timely aid. Of many a dream was she the theme; many an hour did he wile away endeavoring to recall each feature of her countenance and imprint it more forcibly upon his memory; for he was resolved that if they ever met a second time, he would renew the acquaintance so propitiously (for him at least) begun. But tho' for weeks he watched the arrival and departure of the omnibus, she never came again. Alas, poor Ernest!

#### CHAPTER II.

LIZZIE CARRINGTON.

"Sinclair, my good fellow, how are you?" exclaimed a manly voice as, a few months after the incident related above, Ernest Sinclair was taking a stroll in Broadway, for he had come to the metropolis on a visit previous to his departure for foreign parts. The young man turned round surprised at the sudden salutation, and saw beside him his old acquaintance and college chum, Henry Carrington.

"Harry! My old friend, how are you?" said Ernest, seizing the extended hand and giving it a hearty shake.

"Well, Ernest, are you married yet?" asked Carrington, at the conclusion of a lengthy conversation upon the past, 'or are you still in a state of single blessedness, 'a bachelor doomed to die,' as the song says?"

"Not quite so bad as that, Harry. True I have not yet come across the right one; but I hope to do so one of these days. As yet I don't trouble myself much upon the subject."

"But it is high time, Sinclair, that you did begin to trouble yourself upon the subject. Why, man!' exclaimed Carrington, slapping him emphatically upon the shoulder, 'you must have passed your twenty-fourth year, and with such a fortune as your's you ought to have married long ago. Even I, who am your senior by only a twelvemonth, have been a Benedict these three years. Believe me, Ernest, you would feel much happier in a comfortable house of your own, with a gentle, pretty little wife to be mistress of it."

Ernest Sinclair sighed inwardly and thought of his lost inamorata, and he was about to relate his romantic adventure to his companion, when an idea that it might meet with ridicule prevented him. Just then they arrived at the Astor House, and as this famous hotel was his residence for the present, he bade Carrington adieu, after having accepted a pressing invitation to spend that evening with him.

According to his promise, about seven o'clock, Sinclair found himself at the door of his friend's dwelling, a stately mansion in Second Avenue. He rang the bell and was soon admitted by a colored man, by whom he was ushered into the richly furnished parlor. Two ladies were sitting by a table sewing—they raised their eyes as the visitor entered, and he caught a glimpse of two countenances, certainly not very prepossessing in their appearance.

The ladies continued their work, and the visitor awaited with impatience the appearance of his friend. In a few seconds more the door opened, and Carrington entered, and after giving his guest a warm welcome, introduced the ladies as his sisters, the Misses Carrington. The next ten minutes were occupied in a lively conversation between the two gentleman, and then Sinclair moved toward the table where the ladies were stationed; and on a nearer view he was enabled to discover that tho' their style of dress was youthful, they had both evidently passed their thirtieth year. After a few commonplace remarks, which were replied to with formal politeness by the one and a sort of strained attempt at condescention by the other, he again resumed his seat beside Carrington; and the departure of the ladies from the room after a few minutes had elapsed left the two friends to themselves.

Half an hour afterward the two gentlemen were aroused by the sound of laughter, and several joyous ringing peals saluted their ears! A smile stole across Carrington's face—he advanced to the door and motioned Sinclair to follow him. With noiseless steps they moved through the hall, and at length Carrington halted in front of an apartment from whence the merriment seemed to proceed. The door was standing partly ajar, and peeping in, Carrington and his companion beheld a lively scene! In one corner ot the room was a lady quite young, who held in her arms a little girl who might have numbered two years. Beside her stood a pretty girl of fourteen, with dark hair and deep blue eyes, her fair face convulsed with laughter as she watched the movements of another young girl apparently about a year her senior, who was dancing about the room with a well-grown kitten, to the tune of 'Dandy Jim.' A soldier's cap of paper, ornamented with red ribbons was placed roguishly upon her head—but beneath it fell over a pair of white shoulders a profusion of glossy tresses, which in her gambols had escaped from the comb that confined them. A cap of similar material but smaller dimensions adorned the head of the partner of her dance; and poor puss looked sadly victimized as she was whirled rapidly round the room by her frolicsome mistress. Here was evidently the cause of all the mirth—for the lady in the corner was laughing right merrily, though now and then pausing when she had gained breath, to join in the singing:

"I looked in the glass and found it so,
I'm the best looking nigger in the county O."

while the baby clapped her hands and fairly shrieked with delight! But why did Ernest Sinclair gaze with such eager, almost breathless scrutiny upon the face of the youthful dancer? Why did he start almost wildly as he exclaimed, "who is she?"

"That," whispered the Benedict, who was at this moment absorbed in the contemplation of the gayety of his better half, (who, by-the-bye, was the lady that held the child,) "that is my wife."

"Your wife!" ejaculated Sinclair, as a sudden pain shot through his heart; 'that young girl your wife!"

"Oh, you refer to the danseuse," said Carrington, smiling archly, for he now contemplated his friend's meaning. "That is Lizzie, my little chatterbox of a sister. But take care and do not lose your heart, Mr. Ernest, for I forewarn you that she bids fair to be a most desperate little flirt.'

At the first part of this information, Sinclair felt inexpressibly relieved; for in Lizzie Carrington he had recognized the young lady to whom he had been of so much service more than four months previous! She had now to all appearance concluded her antics, for she had seated herself upon a chair, and was busily engaged divesting the kitten of her ornamental attire. Ernest Sinclair thought he could never tire gazing upon that fair and laughing face; but his attention was now attracted by the sound of Mrs. Carrington's voice.

"Come, Lizzie," she said, smilingly, as she advanced and took the young girl's hand, "now that you have put the finishing stroke to your grand dance, suppose we adjourn to the parlor and claim an introduction to Henry's friend, Mr. Sinclair.'

"No, indeed, Mary, I shall do no such thing," she replied, withdrawing her hand; "I have a great deal to study this evening and cannot afford to waste any more time."

"But you positively must see him, Lizzie—aye, and set your cap for him, too; from all accounts, he would just suit you—young, handsome and wealthy."

At this moment Sinclair would have left his station, but Carrington perceiving his intention, caught his hand and detained him by force; and he was obliged, though against his will, to listen to Lizzie's answer.

"*I* set my cap!" she exclaimed, with a contemptuous toss of her head, "just as though I ought to trouble *my* head about beaus. For shame, Mary Carrington, to put such silly thoughts into a little schoolgirl's brain! Set my cap, indeed! No, no, Mary; for once I congratulate myself on being wiser than you, though you are the elder. So, go to the parlor, good sister, and leave me alone with my studies."

And in spite of Mrs. Carrington's continued entreaties Lizzie remained firm in her refusal; and when her sister turned away with many expressions of discontent, Lizzie's only reply, accompanied by a playful shrug of her pretty shoulders, was—"*Il faut souffrir patiemmement ce qui est inevitable.*" ("What cannot be cured, must be endured."

Days passed away, and Ernest Sinclair still lingered in New York, and was often a visitor at Mr. Carrington's. He had by this time become well acquainted with the family, and was a favorite with all—particularly with the maiden sisters, Jane and Chloe, especially the latter, who believed herself to be the object of his visits. And was it so? Ah! reader, why ask the question? If you could have explored the depths of Sinclair's heart, you would have discovered that no less a person than Miss Lizzie Carrington, the little school girl, attracted him to the house of his friend. But though day after day he called there, he had not since the momentous evening of his arrival, beheld her. Ernest often wondered at this—he had forgotten Lizzie's avowed distaste to the society of gentlemen, and did not know that the Misses Jane and Chloe, fearful of their younger sister's charms, did all in their power to keep her out of the way of their supposed admirer.

#### CHAPTER III.

LIZZIE AGAIN.

"Her form—the prettiest in the world,
Her step—a fairy's flight,
Her hair—like clouds in sunshine, curled
In clusters wild and bright.
A child, I said; so artless, wild,
And full of mirth her mien;
You'd deem her but a lovely child,
Though she was just fifteen."

One afternoon, Sinclair had called at an early hour for the purpose of leaving Miss Chloe a book of poems he had promised to lend her, and he was about to take his leave again, when the parlor door was suddenly thrown open, and Lizzie Carrington, with a satchel in one hand and two or three books in the other, entered. Throwing them hastily upon the table, without perceiving that there was a stranger near, she seated herself upon the nearest chair, and a merry peal of laughter echoed through the apartment! In an instant more, she was followed by another young girl, rather her junior, who came bounding into the room, and threw her arms round Lizzie's neck while she whispered a few words that only served to convulse he the more!

The prim, formal Miss Chloe was shocked—absolutely shocked, at being an observer of such improprieties, and forgetting her usual amiability, she exclaimed in a tone of severity, "Childre, I am ashamed of you. Julia Carrington—Lizzie—*will* you never acquire a prope degree of dignity?" But the *children* as they were styled, only laughed the louder and heartier.

At length Lizzie recovred sufficiently to look round her; and th first object that met her sight was Ernest Sinclair sitting by the window. In an instant her face was suffused with blushes; she cast down her eyes, then raised them again and gazed earnestly upon him. That look was enough; she had discovered one t whom she was greatly indebted! Hastily advancing, she seized his extended hand and once more bent her eyes gratefully upon him, while she faltered forth a few words of recognition!

Miss Chloe was an amazed observer of the scene; till, deeming some explanation of her seeming boldness necessary, Lizzie turned to her and detailed the manner in which she had previously met the gentleman before her, whose name, as she asserted, she was not even acquainted; and Miss Chloe, however reluctant she might be, now felt herself obliged to introduce Mr. Sinclair to her sister

"Mr. Sinclair!" exclaimed Lizzie, in surprise. "Can this be Mr. Sinclair?"

Ernest did not conclude his visit quite as soon as he expected that afternoon; nay, he even accepted an invitation to stay to tea—and when he did return to his lodgings, it was quite late in the evening.

Weeks, months, again passed away—Sinclair seemed entirely to have forgotten his proposed tour, and was still a constant visitor at the Carringtons'. In spite of the hints upon forwardness she daily received from her elder sisters, Lizzie always managed to appear when he was present; and Sinclair who, blessed with penetration, in time acquired an insight into the manœuvres of Miss Chloe, succeeded at length so well in convincing her by sundry well-timed hints, that he regarded Lizzie as a mere child, that she began to consider her situation in his heart as completely secure.

And now of an evening, instead of remaining to study with her younger sister Julia, in the sitting room, Lizzie would bring her books into the parlor, and Ernest often found himself of great use to the little school-girl. Was she at a loss for the meaning of a French phrase, he was near to translate it. Was she searching for a poetic quotation to insert in her composition, he knew just where to find one; or if he did not, the deficiency was quickly supplied from the effusions of his own brain. In short, Ernest Sinclair and Lizzie Carrington became well acquainted—*very* well acquainted indeed; and tho' Miss Chloe looked on, it was without suspicion, for *she* felt confident that Sinclair would never throw himself away upon such a flighty little creature as her sister Lizzie.

#### CHAPTER IV.

LOVE—COQUETRY.

"Well, Mr. Sinclair," said Lizzie Carrington, as she one evening entered the parlor where he was sitting alone, "fate seems determined to persecute me! Sister Jane has gone out with Henry, Chloe has the tooth-ache, and Mary is obliged to remain in the nursery with little Anna, who is not very well; so I have been deputed your sole entertainer during the whole of this long evening—a dreadful task, I can assure you, to one so young and inexperienced."

Ernest laughed.

"I do not see how I can assist you, unless I take up a line of march and thus extricate you from so horrible a dilemma," he replied, yet without essaying to do as he proposed.

"Oh, no, that would never do—and as I am doomed to entertain you, I think I may as well be resigned. So I will look about and see if I can find anything for amusement, and you shall have your choice of everything that I discover."

She walked toward the centre-table. Book after book was taken up and then thrown down again with a dissatisfied air; at last seizing upon one, she drew a chair to the table and began to turn over the leaves.

"What absorbs your attention now?" asked Sinclair.

"Oh, nothing," she replied, laying the book aside; "I was only glancing at Mrs. Caudle's lectures. But perhaps you would like me to read you one, Mr. Sinclair."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Ernest, playfully placing his hands over his ears, "not for the world would I imbibe a prejudice against matrimony. Indeed, to tell you the truth, I have taken a vow never to lend ear to any of Mrs. Caudle's domestic details."

"Well, then, I'm sure I know not how I *shall* amuse you"—and she turned away in pretended despair.

"I will tell you how I intend to amuse myself, if you will be seated," said Ernest, smiling. So Lizzie resumed her seat, and Ernest drew his chair nearer to her.

"In the first place, I intend to scold you for being resolute in your determination of calling me *Mr.* Sinclair."

"Well, then, I will call you Ernest, if you wish it," she replied, while the crimson mounted to her cheek—"Cousin Ernest." And though he would fain have dispensed with any claim to *cousinship*, Sinclair was obliged to content himself.

"And in the next place, I am going to discover whether I should offend you very much if I should call you Lizzie—dear Lizzie." And how Mr. Ernest Sinclair amused himself after that I will not take upon myself to repeat; but certain it is, that night Lizzie Carrington retired to her chamber with the full consciousness that she was loved! For a long time she remained awake musing. Until that evening she had never deemed herself thought of as other than a child by Sinclair; till then she had never taken the trouble to examine her own heart, and now as she did so she was surprised to find that it was no longer her own—that she loved even as she was beloved! Lizzie started, as she owned the truth to herself. What would the girls in school think if they knew it? *Wouldn't* they teaze her?—and Lizzie couldn't bear to be teazed! Above all, what would sister Chloe and sister Jane say? Wouldn't they call her bold and pert, and tell her they wished they could hammer a sense of propriety into her—and—and——. But pshaw? how were *they* to know anything of the matter? *She* wouldn't tell them—no, she'd die first! And then the young girl's thoughts were turned upon Ernest—and in a few minutes she had formed a plan which she meant to carry out fully.

"If thou lovest, hide thy love from him
Whom thou dost worship; do not let him know
How dear he is: flirt like a bird before him,
Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower,
Till thou art won"——

murmured Lizzie. "Yes!" she exclaimed, delighted with the idea with which that quotation had inspired her, "I will do it—I will turn coquette; he shall not know that I care for him, till I think proper to confess it; and I—oh, I will so teaze him, and he will only love me the more." And then she thought of some of sister Mary's friends who in early youth had been noted coquettes. There was Mrs. Graham, who was now settled in life, with a handsome husband who thought the world of her—and Mrs. Hamilton—and Mrs. Lansing, and half a dozen others; and why might not *she* do as they had done? She did not know that Mrs. Graham's handsome husband was a weak-minded, soulless being, who in youth had not possessed sufficient spirit to resent his lady-love's flirtations, and who was even now entirely ruled by his wife, living in a sumptuous dwelling of which he should have been master, yet where in reality he scarcely dared

"With a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own."

She was not aware that Mrs. Lansing, in her luxurious home, pined for the early lover who had turned from her in disgust—that the beautiful Mrs. Hamilton turned away with a sigh from the old man her husband, and thought of a heart her folly had broken and of a manly form that now rested beneath the sod. No! had the knowledge been her's Lizzie Carrington would, with a shudder, have dashed the yet untasted chalice from her lips!

Was it a wonder that from that evening whenever Ernest Sinclair ventured to breathe forth a word of love, Lizzie received it laughingly, though in reality it sunk deep in her heart? Was it a wonder that she delighted in calling him *cousin* Ernest even after, in a most serious manner, he had requested her to drop the title? Ernest deemed it very strange that his attentions should be received so triflingly—yet there were moments when, perhaps forgetting her assumed character, Lizzie's glance would rest timidly and earnestly upon her lover—and those moments were not forgotten by him.

One evening, mortified by some light remark she had made, Ernest returned to his lodgings with a heavy heart. As he walked along, the words of his friend Carrington upon his first recognition of Lizzie recurred to his mind. "Take care, Ernest, and do not lose your heart, for I forewarn you that she bids fair to be a most desperate little flirt," seemed to sound once more in his ears. The mystery of her behaviour was explained—young though she was, Lizzie Carrington was a coquette! Ernest wondered that he had been blind so long, but he determined he would be so no longer. Poor Ernest! It was a sad truth that he had learned, and it drove the sleep from his eyes that night; yet he had the strength of mind to make one resolution—namely, that the morrow should discover his fate; that he would then go to Lizzie and learn whether she really loved him—aye, demand an answer, if she was again disposed to trifle. And if that answer was not as he wished—then, why then he—he would start immediately for Europe and forget her if he could.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

☞ Lady H. Stanhope records that Pitt had more faith in a man who jested easily, than in one who spoke and looked grave and weighty; for the first moved by some spring of his own within; but the latter might be only a buckram cover well stuffed with other's wisdom.

☞ Have a care of evil thoughts. Oh, the mischief they have done in the world! Bad thoughts come first, bad words follow after, and bad deeds bring up the lose.—Strive against them. Watch against them. They prepare the way for the enemy.

### FOR YOUNG MEN.

He drinks! How ominously that sentence falls! How we pause in conversation, and ejaculate "it's a pity!" How his mother hopes that he will not drink when he grows older, and his sisters persuade themselves that it is only a few wild outs that he is sowing. And yet old men shake their heads, and feel sad and gloomy when they speak of it; for who ever stopped and did not at some time give way to temptation?

It is dangerous to trifle with pleasure. Each step that she leads us away from the path of rectitude, leaves us less desire to return. Each time that she induces us to deviate, we must go a little further to obtain the same enjoyment. Even with increased experience we resolve to walk in the path of duty; we follow it with more difficulty, if we have once allowed ourselves to wander.

Pleasure stands at a gate ever open, and she invites us to enter her gardens. She tells us that we need not fear, for we can return when we choose. She calls to the pilgrim, on the dusty highway of life, and, wayworn and weary, as he is, she invites him to enter. She points him to men that are again upon the road; men who once wiled away sometime in her dominions, but have now resumed their journey. He does not know the self-reproach and the weakness they felt on leaving her bowers, nor the increased difficulty with which they tread the path of daily life. He wishes, and then turns and then looks in. He will enter for a little while. But he is soon bewildered in enjoyment. His senses revel in the fragrance. He is on enchanted ground. He is sure that he can return, and that he will return, after he has been a little further; yet with every step he feels less desire to do so. Of what profit is it to him now, that the gate stands open? As he wanders along, the air becomes more and more exhilerating and the fruits more highly flavored. The breezes become warmer, the fragrance is more pungent, and the flowers more aromatic. His senses are intoxicated, and his desires become inflamed. The flowers that blossomed along his morning path, the little modest flowers that opened their meek eyes, sparkling with dew, and smiled on him as he set out on his journey, are forgotten. The duties that he owes to himself, to his fellow-men, to his God, are all forgotten; and he goes restlessly forward to enjoy hotter breezes, more stimulating fruits, and more nascotic odors. What avails to him now that the gate remains ever open?

But already these pleasures have begun to fail. Some strange influence is benumbing his senses. He finds apples with ashes at the core. Hot winds are blistering his flesh but he feels no wound. Excess of pleasure is becoming pain. He has reached the marshes where the garden of Pleasure borders on the valley and shadow of death, and he would fain take refuge in oblivion. He sits down under the shade of the Aconite, and binds his throbbing temples with the wreaths of its dull foliage. The night of despair is fast closing in upon him. Darkness, like a blanket, shuts out the light of heaven, and the trembling madness fires his brain. Slimy serpents are in attendance upon him. They glide around noiselessly, and lull him in drowsy folds.

☞ "Silence is often an answer," says an Arabic proverb. How true it is, that when the tongue of malice or anger fails to provoke a reply, it reluctantly sheaths itself in chagrin and shame. In many cases no reply can be more powerful than silence. There are men you cannot touch more acutely than by letting them alone most severely, as Theodore Hook expresses it, when they vilify you.

☞ A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison; and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

☞ Shut your eyes at the fault of your neighbors, and open them very wide to your own.